

THE CAIRO BULLETIN

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STOP GUESSING.

The columns of The Bulletin
are the place to get results. Change
your ad often and advertise all the
time—then trade won't pass your
door.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Average daily and Sunday for
nine months, ending September
30, 1901.....1874

Average daily and Sunday for
month of September, 1901.....2168

1.....2104	16.....2161
2.....2118	17.....2109
3.....2117	18 Sunday.....1852
4 Sunday.....1884	19.....2386
5.....2130	20.....2326
6.....2172	21.....2354
7.....2166	22.....2393
8.....2160	23.....2340
9.....2175	24.....2350
10.....2156	25 Sunday.....1944
11 Sunday.....1974	26.....2198
12.....2165	27.....2196
13.....2164	28.....2159
14.....2156	29.....2171
15.....2180	30.....2188

The above is a correct statement of
the circulation of The Cairo Bulletin,
daily and Sunday on the dates stated,
month of September, 1901.

A. J. BENEDIC,
Circulation Manager.

Subscribed to and sworn before me
this first day of October, 1901.

ALFRED COMINGS,
Notary Public.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President—
ALTON B. PARKER
of New York.

For Vice President—
HENRY G. DAVIS
of West Virginia.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Circuit Clerk.
The Bulletin is authorized to announce that
Lee B. Davis is a candidate on the Democratic
ticket for re-election to the office of circuit
clerk.

For State's Attorney.
The Bulletin is authorized to announce that
Alexander Wilson is a candidate on the Democratic
ticket for re-election to the office of
state's attorney.

For Coroner.
The Bulletin is authorized to announce that
James McManus is a candidate on the Democratic
ticket for re-election to the office of
coroner.

For Commissioner.
The Bulletin is authorized to announce that
James Mulcahy is a candidate on the Democratic
ticket for election to the office of county
commissioner.

Just twenty more days until the
election.

The Russian advance has been
turned toward the North Pole.

The republican county ticket won't
know what struck it November 8.

Kuropatkin finds the Shakhie like
Jordan, "a mighty hard river for to
cross."

The republicans will follow Mr.
Bryan's tour in Indiana with Tom
Watson.

M. Bertillon says that the zigmatic
wrinkle is an evidence of criminal
tendencies. Look in the mirror and
see if you have one.

The wife of Field Marshal Oyama
is a graduate of Vassar, and an ex-
pert basketball player. Maybe that's
where the general got his tactics.

Having tried the end runs without
success, Kuropatkin seems to have
gotten through the Jap's center with a
delayed pass.

A Mukden dispatch says the Rus-
sians "feel that they cannot stop
now." The Japs seem to feel the same
way from the manner in which they
are pursuing them.

King Edward is said to be setting
London afire with his flaming red
socks. The only man in the United
States who has any like them is Mr.
Robt. G. Hiden, of the Birmingham,
Ala., News, who has just returned
from a European tour.

Gen. Oyama is about ready for
Gripenburg and that second Russian
army.

Kuropatkin finds that the Japanese
administer their defeats with Chester-
fieldian courtesy.

The republicans of Rhode Island
have nominated a Mr. Utter for gov-
ernor. As the girls would say, this
nomination is "too utterly Utter."

William E. Curtis is also dissatis-
fied with Judge Parker's speech. It
seems that the Judge is a miserable
failure at pleasing the republicans.

David B. Hill is trying his hand at
political forecasting. Having made
three speeches in Indiana, he says
that state is now safely democratic.

In the bankruptcy proceedings
against the erstwhile cotton king, Dan-
iel J. Sully, it developed that Tif-
fany had a bill against him for \$109,
000 for gems and jewelry.

Walter Wellman says Senator
Spooner was dragged into the Wis-
consin factional fight against his
will. Now he needs some one to drag
him out.

When the war began, Russian reg-
iments numbered 4,000 men. After the
battle of Liao Yang they numbered
2,500 men. Since Shakhie river they
probably number about 1,000. At this
rate it will only take one more battle
to annihilate the bear.

With Hans Wagner, a German,
ranking as the best player in the Na-
tional Baseball league, and Napoleon
Lajoie, a Frenchman, holding the
same honor in the American league,
it looks like baseball is ceasing to be
the great American game.

A Delaware man makes the reas-
oning statement that in every presi-
dential year when the Delaware Bay
oysters have been exceptionally fat
and plentiful, the democrats have
elected their candidate for president.
This year, he says, the oyster crop
is both fat and bountiful.

Correspondents from southern Rus-
sia to the London Times estimate the
through monthly carrying capacity of
the Siberian railway for the next six
months to be 35,000 men from Euro-
pean Russia with the necessary stores
and supplies. This capacity utilized
would enable Russia to place about
200,000 additional troops in Manchuria
by April 1. Japan ought to be able
easily to match these reinforcements
within that time.

Admiral Dewey, when recently
asked whether he ever expected to be
a candidate for president, said, "No,
thank you; I have had about all the
excitement I wish for in life. Politics
is a game for the young fellows, any-
way." The admiral is right in es-
chewing politics. He had a little ex-
perience in 1900—that was doubtless
profitable to him. His chief record is
that of a naval officer and his fame
is deserved, but politics is not his
fort.

The man who bet that he could run
his automobile across New Jersey,
seventy miles, in an hour and thirty-
five minutes, lost by five minutes be-
cause a house blocked the road. It
was a pity, of course, but a reason-
able chauffeur must admit that
houses, steam-rollers, threshing ma-
chines, elephants and windmills have
a right to share the public roads with
racing automobiles. Had the delay
been caused by a common vehicle or
pedestrian, there would have been
just cause for complaint.—New York
World.

There is doubtless no lack of cam-
paign funds for local political pur-
poses in Westchester county, N. Y. In
that county, John E. Andrus, the re-
publican candidate for congress, is
worth \$40,000,000 and his democratic
opponent, J. Harvey Bell, is reputed
to be worth \$15,000,000. R. T. Wain-
right, democratic candidate for state
senator, has a fortune of \$1,000,000,
and F. M. Carpenter, his republican
opponent, is worth \$500,000, while a
brother of Wainright, who is the re-
publican nominee for assemblyman,
is worth half a million dollars. Na-
tional Committeeman Wm. M. Ward,
who is the republican leader in the
county, is a millionaire rated at \$8-
500,000.

THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE.

Mr. Bryan, in one of his speeches,
in Indiana, said imperialism was the
paramount issue of this campaign.
We are inclined to think that Mr.
Bryan is mistaken. The paramount
issue of this campaign is the constitu-
tion of the United States—shall it be
enforced or nullified; the trusts, ex-
travagance in the public service, and
the dangerous personality of Roose-
velt—his impulsive, erratic, rash and
unsafe temperament, his dangerous
policies, the "Big Stick," and lastly,
but by no means least, his blundering
unthinking course on the race ques-
tion. These are the issues, and if the
Democratic spell binders want to
win a victory they will keep them to
the front. Imperialism is a dead is-
sue. Mr. Bryan lost his own cam-
paign in 1900 on that question. That
entire campaign was fought on the
question of expansion, and the battle
was overwhelmingly lost. The only
imperialism that can be safely
attacked by the Democrats is the im-
perialism of the president's own will,
that enables him to override the law
of the land, build up fly-by-night re-
publics, make laws of his own, carry
a "Big Stick" with which to whale out
any South American country that con-
tracts a debt, and other similar acts

of law-breaking. But as to the Phil-
ippines, we'd better tread softly
there.

THE JAPANESE COMMANDERS.

There are strong indications that
Col. Bennett Burleigh, the Shang-
haied war correspondent of the Lon-
don Daily Telegraph, is permitting his
resentments to sway his judgment.
We will believe his story of the pro-
posed recall of Field Marshal Oyama
when we have it confirmed by his
majesty, the emperor of Japan, but
not before. At this distance, it looks
like one of those precious stories
which have made the Shanghai liar
famous, nothing else.

Col. Burleigh—he isn't a real colo-
nel, but his gray hairs would make
him one if he lived in this vicinity—
is about the last of the old school of
war correspondents. Through many
a campaign through divers parts of
the world, the million and more read-
ers of the D. T. have hung breathless
upon his every cabled word. To Lon-
don and all England he is as much
an institution as the Beef Eaters
themselves. And he deserves his
fame.

An old campaigner dies hard.
This Japanese war has filled Burleigh
with supreme disgust, and he has not
hesitated to show it. The thought-
lessness of the Japanese commanders
in running their war upon strictly
business principles has gone hard
with him and his fellows. The idea of
the war correspondent being kept to
the rear and of his dispatches being
so censured as to prevent the possi-
bility of valuable information getting to
the enemy—how preposterous! Why,
here is a war that has been waged
for months and even Richard Harding
Davis has not been consulted by the
Japanese commanders; and, worse
and more of it, not one of that mighty
horde which swooped down upon To-
kyo immediately war was declared has
been permitted to repeat the El Caney
act of the valiant Croeliman.

They are all sore and the polite
but positive Oyama, whose fighting
ideas come down from the samurai,
is held responsible for it all. Per-
haps this fact explains that latest
Shanghai report.—Atlanta Constitu-
tion.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The San Francisco police advocate
the establishment of a public whip-
ping post for footpads.

The dowager duchess of Wellin-
ton, who died the other day, had
lived in complete retirement since the
death of her husband, twenty-one
years ago.

In London, the unusual heat of the
last summer gave a further vogue to
the straw hat, and made silk hats
so unpopular that the factories dis-
missed many of their workmen.

Eight thousand gallons of fresh
water are used in a large battleship
daily. About two-thirds of this is
taken by the boilers, and the re-
mainder is used for drinking, wash-
ing, etc.

It has been found that Chinatown
guides in San Francisco get up opium
and other dens of vice of their own
in Chinatown and employ Chinese to
occupy them, to be show places for
tourists.

An apple of this year's growth,
weighing thirty ounces, is exhibited
at the World's Fair at the office of
Secretary Marchant of the Oklahoma
commission.

Irrigation plans already outlined in
California, Oregon and the Dakotas
will involve the expenditure, in round
numbers, of \$27,000,000 and reclaim
a million acres of land, capable of
supporting a population of 500,000.

A number of game cocks in express
shipments have passed through New
Orleans en route to the cocking mains
of Matamoros. It is said about \$10-
000 worth of these birds are shipped
into Mexico annually from the United
States.

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE

Dr. Juan N. Navarro, who died re-
cently, had been Mexican consul gen-
eral at New York for forty years.

Dr. Robert Koch is to be relieved
of the post of director of the institute
for infectious diseases at Berlin and
pensioned.

The formal inauguration of Presi-
dent Huntington of Boston University
will take place at Tremont temple
on Oct. 26.

Prof. E. B. Loomis of Amherst has
secured over 500 specimens in the fos-
sil fields of the Big Horn basin and
the Badger Creek basin.

Dr. W. H. W. Reuse, who recently
closed his third year with the Smith-
field street church, Pittsburg, Pa., has
been unanimously invited to return.

Col. "Bill" Sapp, chairman of the
Kansas state Democratic committee,
is the grandson of M. Pyre Ferry, a
schoolmate of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The 18 year old daughter of Sir
Chenung Liang Cheng, Chinese min-
ister to the United States, is to make
her social debut in Washington this
winter. She will be the first high



JULIA NEILSON HERE.

Miss Julia Neilson and her talented husband, Fred Terry, are to make
a tour of the larger cities this winter. Miss Neilson has only one importa-
nt rival on the British stage, namely, her sister-in-law, Miss Eleanor Terry.

CONFESSION.

You ask, would it mean any loss to
the world
If my summons should come on the
morrow.
The loss would be nothing at all, I
confess,
But I know that my darlings would
sorrow.

No, its loss would be nothing, its gain
would be small—
Just a mere handful of dust.
But the gain would be mine—if I on-
ly might go—
With the heart to hope on and to
trust.

So, if I were summoned tomorrow to
go,
Earth's treasures would be none the
thinner;
But I trust that heaven indeed might
gain
One more contrite, humbled sinner.
—G. Sorliegh, in Chicago Record-
Herald.

born Chinese girl to enter American
society.

Sir Jenkin Coles, speaker of the
South Australian parliament, has com-
pleted fourteen years of service with-
out being once absent from the chair.

Henry J. Cove, for many years in
charge of the cloakrooms of the En-
glish house of commons, left his prop-
erty, worth \$200,000, to various hos-
pitals.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who has
been a member of the British house
of commons more than forty years,
will leave public life upon the dis-
solution of parliament and may be of-
fered a peerage.

SHEARS AND PASTE.

Grayce—You think he's an earnest
republican?
Gladys—I think so; at least he's a
big stick.

Mrs. Hoyle—My husband has queer
tastes about his dress.
Mrs. Doyle—So has mine; when he
comes home in bad shape he goes to
bed with the same shoes on that he
has worn all day.

Native—Yonder's where our board
of aldermen belongs.
Stranger—That's a queer-looking
city hall.
Native—That ain't the city hall;
that's the jail.

Here is a thought sublime
Among the things we know—
Having a high old time
Will lay a fellow low.

"How's the world a-coming of you?"
"Well, I can't complain."
"Keep busy?"
"Well, I'm votin' around."—Atlanta
Constitution.

"The Japs are better fighters."
"Yes."
"And they are better equipped."
"Yes."
"And they have more confidence."
"Yes."
"But don't you think the Russians
will win in the long run?"
"Well, that seems to be their spe-
cialty."

When coal and beef are very dear
And rents are costly as can be
Let us be thankful and take cheer
Our glorious country still is free.

"Let's ask Easy Mark to sit in
with us at our next game."
"Why, I didn't know he could play
poker."
"He can't."

Mrs. Muggins—Do you read much
fiction?
Mrs. Buggins—No; I get all the
fiction I want listening to my hus-
band's reasons for coming home late.

BOB TAYLOR ON THE STUMP.

Gov. Bob Taylor, the "Apostle of
Sunshine," is on the stump down in
Tennessee. Only those who have lived
in Tennessee know what this an-
nouncement means, for there is not
another man in America that can get
as close to the hearts of the plain
people as the unrivaled lecturer, the
man whom Tennesseans love as they
have loved no other since "Andy"
Johnson went from his shoemaker's
bench to the presidency of the United
States by the sheer force of his power
before the masses.

Bob Taylor doesn't make a political
speech like most speakers. He simply
tells anecdotes at the expense of his
opponents, and nobody can tell one
of his jokes but himself, for his style
is inimitable.

The ex-governor, who was divorced
from his second wife about a year
ago, was married a few weeks since
to a beautiful Virginia girl, and he
and his bride were off "honeymoon-
ing." Bob says, when he received a tele-
gram from the chairman of the demo-
cratic state executive committee of
Tennessee, asking him to take the
stump, Bob Taylor never refused his
party's call for help, and it is under
a debt of everlasting gratitude to him
for services that no one but he could
have rendered. He has carried the
banner of Jefferson and Jackson to
victory in the old Volunteer state
when, though it was hardly known
throughout the country, no other dem-
ocrat could have been elected. In
1896, just after the democrats had
elected H. Clay Evans, the present
consul-general to London, and former
commissioner of pensions, out of the
governorship of the state, and seated
Peter Turner, a cry of shame and in-
dignation went up from thousands of
democrats who swore they'd never
vote another democratic ticket. It
looked "awfully" for the democrats,
and when the time came to select
Turner's successor, there was but one
name spoken, and that was Bob Tay-
lor's. He didn't want the office. He
had twice been governor of the state
and was then making \$20,000 a year
on the lecture platform. But the par-

ty leaders drafted him anyway. They
told him he was the only man in the
state that could save the democratic
party from defeat. And so he took
up the party's banner, and after a
campaign that will never be forgotten
in Tennessee, in which he spoke in
every county site of the 96 counties
of the state, he brought the banner of
his party safely through, though by a
greatly reduced majority, having on-
ly 7,000 more votes than his republi-
can opponent.

Down at Memphis Sunday the ex-
governor told a newspaper reporter
how he came to be on the stump. He
said:

"I was off honeymooning when I
received Chairman Thompson's tele-
gram asking me to fill a few appoint-
ments, and I wasn't thinking about
politics, or caring about politics.

"Mighty Poor Speech."
"And I had only two days' notice.
Well, I 'got down and wrote one out,'
and when I got to Dickson I made a
mighty poor speech. It was the poorest
one I ever listened to—" and he
glanced up with a shrewd laugh; "but
I tried it again at Dresden and did
somewhat better. It was not until I
reached Dresden though, that I felt
the 'divine afflatus,' and really swung
out and let myself go.

"Some of my democratic friends at
Gallatin told me when I got there
that a populist fellow had made a
speech there a day or so before, in
which he had attacked the democra-
tic party and almost everything in
sight. They wanted me to answer
him. I said no; I had not heard his
speech and doubted the wisdom of
answering it anyway. But they in-
sisted, and I promised to take some
notice of it.

"When I got up on the platform, I
said: 'Some of my friends told me
that one of our populist brethren
made a speech here a few days ago,
in which he pawed up the earth all
around Gallatin. They tell me that he
filled the air with dirt and mud and
grass, and attacked pretty much ev-
erything that bore the stamp of dem-
ocracy. They insist that I shall make
some reply to him. I have no reply
to make, excepting to tell you a story.

Anecdote for Answer.
"Up my way there was a fellow-
who came into a car full of men one
day, and declared that he could tell
the politics of every man in the car
without asking a single question, and
asserted that he didn't know a single
man there. Well, they told him to
cut loose, and he did it. He said:
"That big fellow over there, with
the side whiskers and the diamond
stud in his shirt front is a republican."
"The big fellow with the side-whis-
kers acknowledged it.

"And that little fellow in the back-
seat with the red hair and stubby
beard and the snub nose, smoking
the clay pipe, is a democrat.

"O! am that," said the red-haired
man.

"And that long, lanky, tallow-faced
fellow over there is a populist," he
continued.

"The long, lanky fellow rose in
wrath and exclaimed:
"It's a darn lie; I've had the yal-
ler janders!"

"Yes," I said, "I haven't a word to
say against my populist brother.
When I look at the republican party
and read its record I can understand
how men came to be populists. That
party and its record would drive some
men to lunacy!"

ECONOMICS OF TUBERCULOSIS.
Disease Causes 150,000 Deaths and
Costs \$240,000,000 Every Year.

Tuberculosis causes annually more
than 150,000 deaths in the United
States at the average age of 35 years.

THE BULLETIN'S DAILY FASHION PLATE



A Chick little frock for fall, made of black and white checked flannel,
trimmed with bands of white taffeta, silk, over which are ran rows of nar-
row black velvet ribbon. The collar and V hat are of fine white mullie
tucked. The hat is a broad white felt, trimmed with red velvet roses.

At this age the normal after lifetime
is about 32 years, so that the real
loss of life covered, measured in time,
is represented by 4,800,000 years per
annum. If we assume that the net
value of a year of human life after
the age of 35 is at least \$50, the real
loss to the nation resulting from the
disease (a large proportion of which
is known to be needless) may be es-
timated at \$240,000,000 per annum.
These astounding and almost incom-
prehensible figures are far from being
an exaggeration; but let us assume
that only one-half of this mortality is
preventable, and we have a net pos-
sible saving to the nation of \$120,000-
000 per annum. This estimate does
not take into account the social, moral
and sentimental value of at least
100,000 lives, which, under different
conditions, might reasonably hope to
continue for many years. The mor-
tality from tuberculosis is, therefore,
a problem compared with which all
other social problems of a medical
character sink into insignificance, and
it is safe to say that the possible pre-
vention of a large portion of the mor-
tality from this disease justly de-
serves the solicitude, the active per-
sonal interest and liberal pecuniary
support of all who have the real wel-
fare of the people of this nation at
heart.

Higgs estimates that New York
city sustains an annual economic loss
of \$23,000,000; and that the nation at
large must sustain an annual loss of
\$350,000,000 because of tuberculosis.
There are yearly 10,000 deaths from
consumption in New York city. Seven
thousand persons died in Illinois in
1900, half of them between the ages
of 20 and 50 years, while the estimat-
ed loss to that state alone, because of
this disease, was \$36,000,000, and the
medical authorities of that state have
found that consumption is responsible
for more deaths than typhoid fever,
scarlet fever, diphtheria, all forms of
bronchitis, influenza, measles and
smallpox combined.—New York Med-
ical Journal.

TIME'S CHANGES.

But a scant decade, I do ween,
When a man smelt of stale gasoline,
You might have been sure
That the fellow was poor
And his duds had attempted to clean.

Now time quite a change doth reveal,
Your way you must cautiously feel,
You never can tell
For that gasoline smell
May have come from his automobile.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AN EDITOR'S DREAM.
The editor sat in his easy chair,
Stretching his drowsy in piles;
His wife lay by his critical air,
Was teaching the Paris styles.

Ten thousand had paid ten years in
advance;

"I've money to burn," he said;
Just then—crash! chance—he awoke
from his trance

And he fell out of bed on his head.
—Louisville Evening Post.

Composition of Soda-Water.
There is no soda in soda-water.
Every pint of soda-water contains
two and a half pints of carbon di-
oxide, a gas. Therefore, when you drink
one pint of soda-water you really
drink three and a half pints.

Revenge of Tibetan.
Some years ago at Darjiling, on the
border of India, a Tibetan was ducked
in a fountain for insolence to an En-
glishwoman. He was afterward prime
minister of Tibet and did much to
shape the Tibetan policy of exclusion
for all white foreigners.